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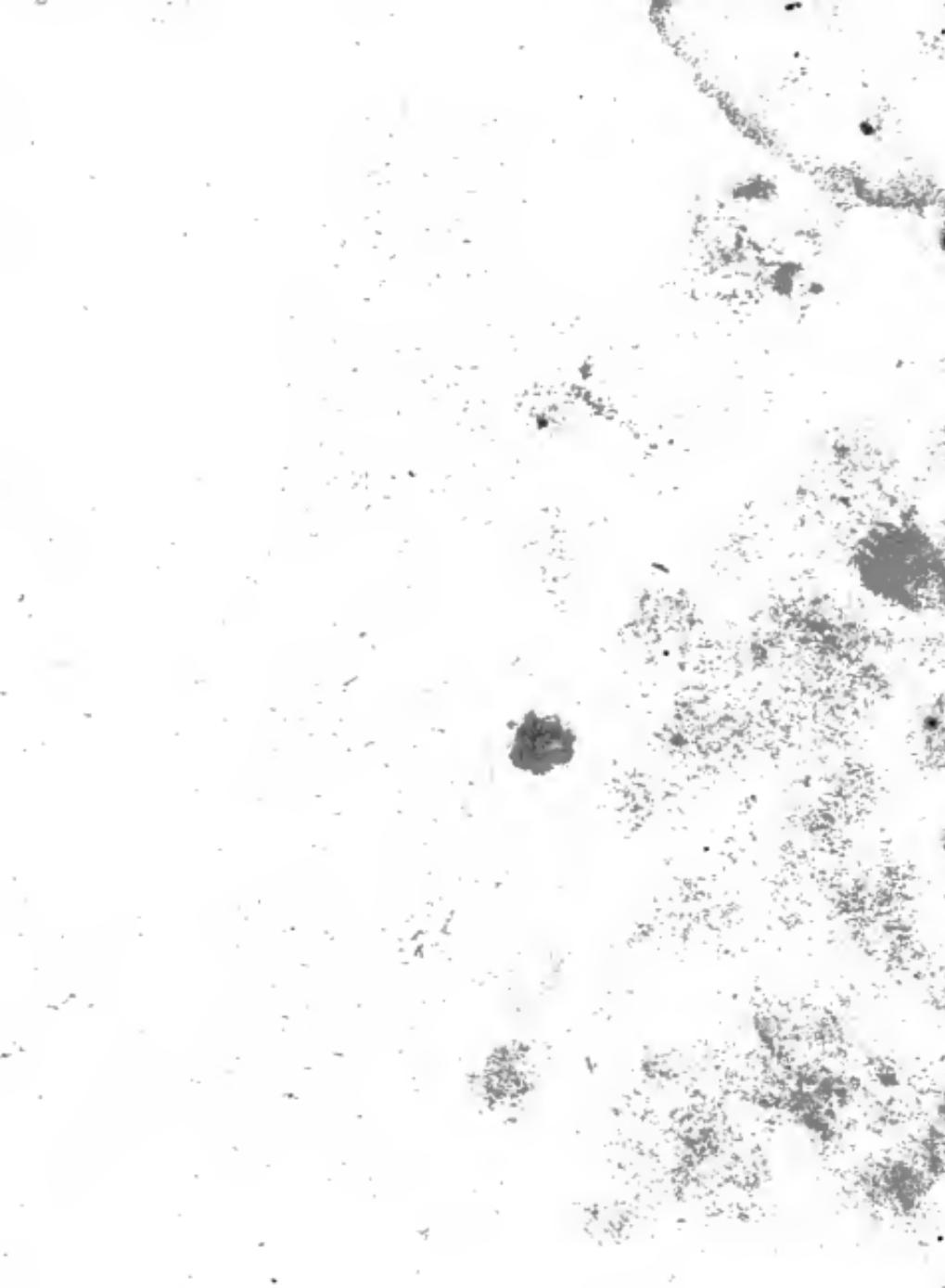
JUVENILE
CASKET.

With Engravings.



WORCESTER:
JONATHAN GROUT, JR.
HENRY J. HOWLAND, PRINTER.

Mary Ann Coburn.





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C A S K E T.

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JUVENILE CASKET.

THE LITTLE SISTERS.

This is to be a little story for little girls, about the two children who are standing at the door of the house in the picture. I am going to tell you this story because I want you to become good. I might tell you about two cross little girls who were always unhappy because they were naughty. But would rather tell you of two dear little sisters who loved each other very much. Now while I am telling the story, I want you to think to yourself, "I mean to try to be such a good girl." Susan and

Mary are the names of the children in the picture. They always looked exactly alike. If you had seen them you would not have known Susan from Mary. When I saw their little happy faces for the first time, I loved them. I thought I should like to see them very often. In a little while I found out what made them so happy, and it was this. They *loved* each other. If Mary had an apple or a toy given her, Susan would clap her hands and laugh, and I think she was as much pleased as if it had been given to her, instead of Mary. Very often when they had got themselves into trouble by some careless or mischievous action, Mary would contrive to have all the blame thrown upon herself. One day I went to see their mother, and found them sitting on the door step playing with a toad which they fed and petted so much, that he would hop round them without fear.

I had a pretty little dove at home which I thought might please them more than the strange pet they had adopted, so I sent for it in its cage. The little girls were delighted. "You may have him all for yours, Mary," said Susan, "and I won't feed or play with him, only when you say I may." "But I don't want to do so," said Mary, "I want you to have him for yours, and then sometimes I can feed him, you know." "That is not a good way," said their mother.

"You can have him together, just as you have me to love."

The children seemed satisfied and ran away to play with their new favorite—but in a few minutes I heard Mary whispering, "If you will let him be your dove I shall love him better."

I remember two other little sisters who think they never can enjoy any plaything,

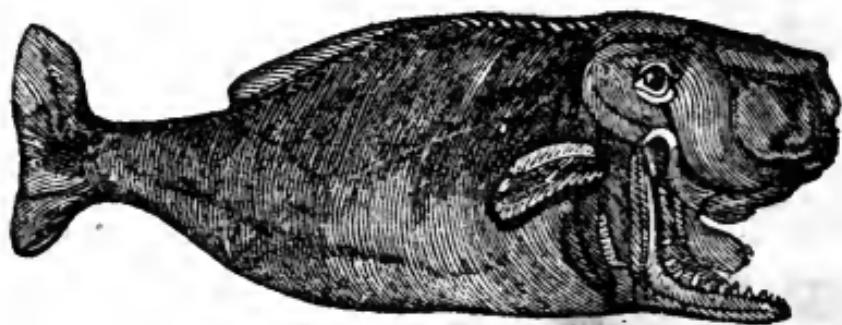
or pet, unless there are two of them. When a friend once wished to send them a rabbit their mother said, "No, they would not agree about it—I always have to get separate pets for them. If I allow Lucy to have a kitten of her own, Julia always expects to have one too."

When Mary was sick, Susan never left her for a moment. All her favorite plays were forgotten, and for many days she did not smile or talk at all.

When I went in to see Mary, I found Susan seated upon the bed close by her little sister's side. I had with me some oranges, but Mary would not taste one until Susan had eaten part of it.

As these children grew up, they seemed to love each other more and more. Their mother told me that she could scarcely remember any time in which they were not perfectly kind and affectionate.

My little girl, if I ask you, "Do you love your sister Lucy or your brother Henry?" you will say, "Oh yes." But are you like Susan and Mary? Do you love your brother or your sister as well as you love yourself? If you do not know, ask your mother or your older sister to help you to find out.



CATCHING WHALES.

The following picture represents the harpooner in the act of striking a whale. The method of taking whales is described as
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follows in "Buffon's Natural History." Every ship is provided with six boats, to each of which belongs six men for rowing the boat, and a harpooner, whose business it is to strike the whale with his harpoon. As soon as a whale is perceived, the boats

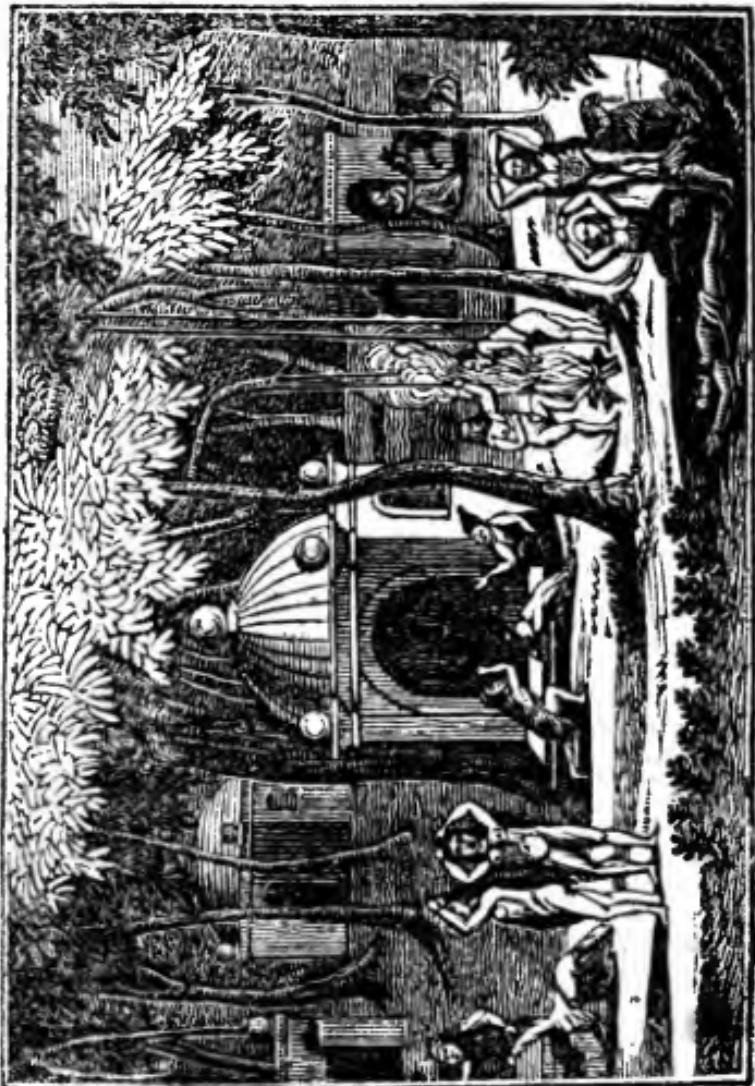
are sent out in pursuit, and if either of them can come up before the whale finally descends, which is known by his throwing up his tail, the harpooner discharges his harpoon at him. There is no difficulty in choosing the place where the whale is to be struck, as some have asserted; for they only come up to the surface in order to spout up the water, or *blow*, as the fishermen term it, and therefore always keep the soft and vulnerable part of their bodies above water. As soon as the whale is struck, the men set up one of their oars in the middle of the boat, as the signal to their companions in the other boats, who immediately hasten to their assistance.

The whale finding himself wounded, runs off with prodigious violence. Sometimes he descends perpendicularly; at others goes off horizontally, at a small depth below the surface. The rope which is fasten-

ed to the harpoon is about 200 fathoms long, and properly coiled up, that it may be freely given out as there is a demand for it. At first, the velocity with which this line runs over the side of the boat is so great, that it is kept wet to prevent its taking fire ; but in a short time the strength of the whale begins to fail, and the fishermen, instead of letting out more rope, strive as much as possible to pull back what is given out already, though they always find it necessary to yield at last to the efforts of the animal, to prevent his sinking their boat. If he runs out the two hundred fathoms of line contained in the first boat, more is added from the other boats, till sometimes the whole twelve hundred fathoms are run out ; but this seldom happens. The whale cannot stay long below water, but again comes up to blow ; and being now much fatigued and wounded, stays longer above

water than usual. This gives an opportunity to strike him again and again, till he is finally killed with long sharp lances provided for the purpose. He is known to be near death when he spouts up the water deeply tinged with blood. When dead the whale is lashed alongside the ship, and the fat parts that contain the oil are cut out in large pieces and taken on board, to have the oil tried out.

The whaling business is very laborious and dangerous ; yet there are a great many who go from various parts of the United States every year, and delight in battling with these monsters of the deep. Many accounts are given of boats and even ships that have been destroyed, with the men on board, by these monsters, when they have become enraged and turned on their destroyers but we have not room to relate them here.



HEATHEN WORSHIPERS.

Anciently, thickly wooded groves were consecrated to the gods of Pagan antiquity. The soul of man seems to crave something that it may acknowledge as supreme ; and those nations who have never heard of the true God, idolize and pay homage to the trees. The cut represents a number of worshippers, offering their devotions beneath the shade of some Banian trees in Hindostan. This may appear singular to us who have our churches and chambers for public and private devotions. But we must remember that all people have not the same means and privileges that belong to our favored land. The wretched Hindoos prostrate themselves before dead matter. They worship even the monkey and serpent, because they have no knowledge of a Creator and Preserver of all creatures and things:

they suppose the divine government to be placed under the management of ignorant, wicked, and changeable rulers. Thus they know not whom to obey, nor what to-worship. They are as ignorant of the nature of God, as of his work ; and the whole population residing in the neighborhood of the river Ganges, crowd, morning and evening, to its water,—thinking, by washing in the stream, to rub out the foul pollution of their sins.

Those who cannot go, hire this water carried to them in the most distant parts ; and the dying are hurried in their last moments, to receive their last purification in this sacred stream. Under a strange delusion, they imagine that sin is to be removed by undertaking long and dangerous journeys, in which thousands perish. Others inflict dreadful torments, while the more infirm, sit, through the day and year, re-

peating the names of what they call their guardian deities. Thus, they ignorantly worship (with a devotion which few Christians can boast,) their gods of "stocks and stones," which can give them no comfort under all their trials. How deplorable is such darkness! Who would not desire to send them the comforts and hopes which the true Gospel inspires?

THE GOAT.

This animal is found in every part of the world; is easily domesticated, and too well known to need a particular description.—They are in many places kept chiefly for their milk, of which they yield a considerable quantity. It is sweet and well tasted, and is frequently used for making cheese, as well as for a common article of food.

See Prov. 27: 27, and several other places in the Bible.

'There is a variety of the Goat in Syria,



somewhat larger than the common one and having ears about a foot long, which hang down on each side of its head, giving

the animal rather a singular appearance, as may be seen by the engraving. Mr. Harmer remarks on Amos 3: 12, that although it is the intention of the prophet to express the smallness of that part of Is^{rael} that escaped from destruction, and were settled in foreign countries ; yet a shepherd would hardly be represented as exerting himself to take from a lion a *piece* only of the ear of the common goat : the long-eared kind is no doubt intended.

There is a very pretty story, which I read some time ago, about two goats in Wales. They happened one day to meet on a crag, where there was no room for them to turn round, and where they could not pass by each other. A single misstep would have thrown them down the precipice and dashed them in pieces. After looking at each other for a long time, seemingly considering what to do, one of them

was observed to crouch down on his belly close to the rock, and lie still till the other walked over his back, and thus they were both saved.

This is a much more agreeable story than that told by Capt. Riley, of two men who met in a similar situation in Africa. One of them was a Moor and the other a Jew. They were riding on mules, and met in a path cut in the side of a precipice, barely wide enough for one to pass. The Moor was armed with a scymeter, or short strong sword, and the Jew with a club. After a few moments, they both got off over the heads of the mules, and commenced fighting, to see which should be thrown down the precipice, to make way for the other to pass. The club of the Jew was soon hacked in pieces by the more powerful weapon of his antagonist, and finding that he must die, he clasped

the Moor in his arms, and leaped with him from the rock, and both were dashed in pieces. Which of these two incidents show the best disposition? Surely the goats were wiser than the men—and let the young reader learn from this, that kindness and humility are better calculated to remove difficulties than pride and obstinacy.

WAR.

Henry. Oh mother, mother! Hark! don't you hear the Soldiers? There! they've stopped just before our door. Oh! mother let me run and see them.

Mother. Why do you like to look at soldiers, Henry?

Henry. Oh! they are dressed up so fine and march along so straight; and then the music plays so beautiful. Oh! I wish I was a soldier. How I would march and shoot off my gun and draw my sword!

Mother, let me be a soldier when I grow up to be a man ?

Mother. Then you wish to kill and wound your fellow-creatures, or be killed or wounded yourself, just because you should be dressed fine, and march to beautiful music.

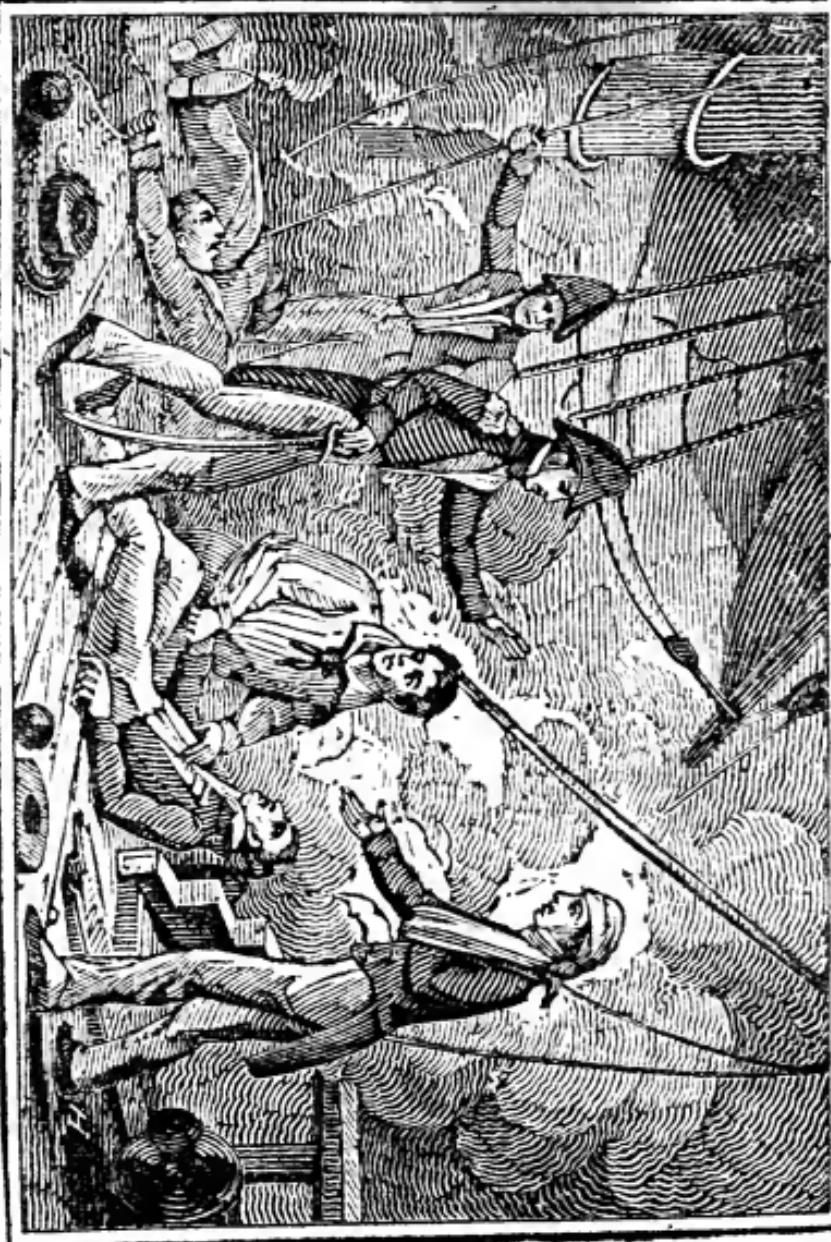
Henry. But you know mother 'tis no harm to kill people in battle, and may be I should'nt be killed.

Mother. Why do people go to war ?

Henry. I don't know, What is the reason, Mother ?

Mother. For the same reason I suppose that two single men go out to fight a duel, or for the same reason that people knock each other down and fight and abuse each other. Because they are angry and will not forgive each other as the Bible tells them, but challenge each other to fight.

Henry. But when they all go together you know it is not so bad.



Mother. Then when ten or twenty thousand poor creatures are some killed, some dying, some desperately wounded ; it is *not so bad* as if only *one man* was killed.

Henry. *Ten or twenty thousand*, mother ! Do they ever kill so many *as that* ?

Mother. You have heard of the great battle of Waterloo. After that battle there were *thirty thousand* wounded men lying in one town. Think of the tears and groans and dying agonies of these poor men. And how do you think the poor widows and fatherless children felt when they saw the troops coming home and looked for those who were dressed so finely and marched off to such beautiful music, but looked in vain, for oh ! they lay bleeding corpses on the field of battle. Many thousands of little children and their poor mothers have been left to want and distress, because of this *glorious War*.

— *mag* — *l* — *so* — *ell* —





